



The
STUDENT'S PEN

Thanksgiving

Nov. 1925

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The
STUDENT'S PEN

Thanksgiving

1925

More Light on Gift Problems

For early suggestions to gift buyers we mention some important things for HER Merry Christmas.

Kid, Fabric and Knit Gloves
Handkerchiefs and Neckwear
Lace Scarfs, Vestees, Ties
Ribbon Novelties and Bows
Silk, Wool and Cotton Hose
Sun and Rain Umbrellas
Silk Underthings, all kinds
Fur Coats and Neck Pieces
Blouses and House Dresses
Kimonos, Sweaters, Petticoats
Bathrobes and Pajamas
Bead Necklaces of many kinds
Cameos, Brooches, Bracelets
Table Runners, Scarfs, Pillows
Decorated Hangers
Incense Burners, Christmas Candles
Glove Silk Lingerie
Davidson Pictures



Pins, Hair Ornaments
Beaded Bags and Jeweled Combs
Rosaries of many kinds
Ear Rings and Bar Pins
Wrist Watch Straps and Fans
Cuff Links, Scarf Pins, Buckles
Fine Perfumery and Sachet
Toilet Water and Powders
Compacts and Smelling Salts
Brush, Comb and Manicure Sets
Vantine's Incense Sets
Fancy Bottle, Jewelry Box
Toilet Tray and Mirror
Hair Receiver, Clock
Sewing Baskets and Sets
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The STUDENT'S PEN

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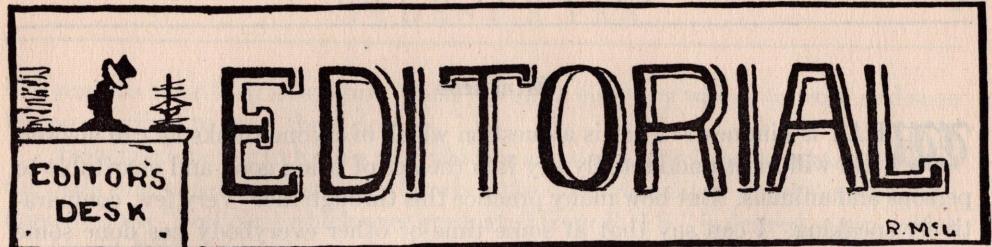


A Country Boy's Thanksgiving

Thanksgivin' time is drawin' near
 And I am just awaitin'
 Till I set down, with right good cheer
 Before an el-e-va-tin'
 And toothsome sight. A turkey browned
 An' full of stuffin' dandy;
 I tell you, folks, right from the start
 With knife and fork I'm handy.
 I eat an' eat, until folks say,
 "My Lands! How does he do it?"
 "Sh'd think that there'd be heck to pay."

"I doubt if he'll live through it."
 But they don't know a country boy;
 His innards are elastic.
 Tho' in the midst of all his joy
 Some action, mighty drastic,
 May separate him from this clime,
 An from this place of meeting.
 So I believe in makin' time,
 An' makin' time means eatin'.
 So here's to good Thanksgivin' Day!
 The turkey's growin' fatter
 An' we shall both, I hope to say,
 Be ready for the platter.

Frances Drinon,
 Commercial High.



Thanksgiving

THANKSGIVING again! Once more we hear the story of the Pilgrims and their first day of grateful celebration. We listen with admiration and gratitude to the tale of their courage, their perseverance in the face of disaster, their intense love of liberty, and their devotion to their great purpose. But, after all, Thanksgiving is not only a time for thinking of heroic deeds; it is rather an appropriate occasion on which to recall the gratitude and appreciation we, of the twentieth century, should show for the favors Providence has seen fit to bestow upon us. It is an opportunity to demonstrate what we can do in the way of repayment.

It is not often that we take the time and trouble to show that we know the value of the blessings showered upon us. We are more likely to give them but a fleeting moment of attention. Yet sager men, like our presidents, saw the need of designating a certain period for this gratitude, a period which we acclaim only as another holiday. But we need not spend this holiday in selfish pleasure. There are many far less fortunate than we, whom we should consider in our day of thanks.

The word "thanksgiving," may be divided into two words, give and thanks. It is easy for us to see and recognize these words, but do we know how to put them into effect? Do we give thanks as often as we should for all our blessings? You may ask, "What are these blessings?" Some unknown poet has put them into verse:

For all that God, in mercy, sends;
 For health and children, home and friends,
 For comfort in the time of need,
 For every kindly word and deed,
 For happy thoughts and holy talk,
 For guidance in our daily walks—

For everything give thanks!
 For beauty in this world of ours,
 For verdant grass and lovely flowers,
 For song of birds, for hum of bees,
 For the refreshing summer breeze,
 For hill and plain, for stream and wood,
 For the great ocean's mighty flood,

For everything give thanks.
 For the sweet sleep which comes with night,
 For the returning morning's light,
 For the bright sun that shines on high;
 For the stars glittering in the sky,—
 For these and everything we see,
 O Lord! our hearts we lift to Thee—
 For everything give thanks!

Kindness

WHAT is kindness? That is a question which everyone thinks he can answer. He will most undoubtedly say it is the act of being good and charitable to persons and animals. But how many practice this through life? Very few, comparatively speaking. I can say that at some time or other everybody has done some small kind act for his comrades. But to do one small act of kindness is not proof enough that a person possesses this most valuable quality. Everyone hopes to have this because in holding it, one is indeed very rich.

Kindness perhaps is the one quality which can be exercised without being noticed. It often happens that a word of advice may seem to the person receiving it most unsuitable, but really, though it does not appear so on the surface, it is, indeed, a word of kindness. Perhaps it may be a long time afterwards that the receiver may first learn of its real value. Then it may be too late to thank that person who was so kind. But the kind deed, itself, will not be forgotten.

Edgar Guest has expressed his idea of kindness in the following poem:

"One never knows
How far a word of kindness goes;
One never sees
How far a smile of friendship flees.
Down through the years
The deed forgotten reappears.
One kindly word
The souls of many here has stirred;
Man goes his way
And tells with every passing day—
Until life's end:
'Once unto me he played the friend.'
We cannot say
What lips are praising us today.
We can not tell
Whose prayers ask God to guard us well;
But kindness lives
Beyond the memory of him who gives."

Eleanor Gannon.

A School Ring

PITTSFIELD HIGH is backward in one respect and that is we have no school ring.

Each term the Senior B's go thru the tiresome and sometimes heartbreaking procedure of selecting a ring. After the ring has been chosen, we hear murmurs that this ring is good looking enough to be the school ring. But they are only murmurs! The class wears the ring during one year of the three year high school course. During the other two years they have had nothing to show that they are Pittsfield High School students. After graduating, they will either go away to school, where they

will want to wear their new Alma Mater's seal, or else they will go to work and soon be too dignified to wear their ring.

How much better to have a ring which is standard, which can be obtained when the class first enters high school. If, when the class graduates, a more personal reminder of the "best class which ever graduated from P.H.S." is desired, a pin, which would not be so expensive and which would serve the same purpose, might be purchased.

A. L. Drake, '26.

Which Shall It Be?

A SHORT time ago at one of our Student's Pen Club meetings a discussion concerning the cover of the school paper was introduced. A suggestion was made that there be a uniform cover design, the same one to be used for every issue; the color, however, to vary.

This year a new department was added to the club, an art department. The members, capable and enthusiastic, are able to draw very attractive covers. One of the members did draw a picture, and the result was the cover of the October issue. Wasn't that cover snappy? And isn't the cover of this issue attractive? Aren't you waiting impatiently for the next Pen? Would you manifest such expectancy if each cover were the same as the one preceding? "Variety is the spice of life."

Fellow students, make this a personal matter. Get together and discuss the subject. Elect someone from your homerooms to present your sentiments and send him to The Student's Pen Club some Friday morning. Bear in mind that The Pen is yours and that it tries to satisfy you. Help us by cooperating. Give us your opinions about the cover.

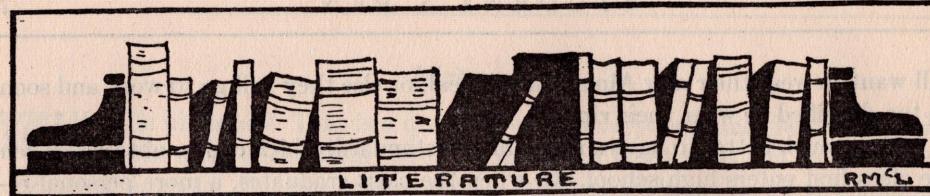
Maxine McClatchey.

What Is the Joke?

JIN the last issue of The Pen, you probably all read the editorial entitled, "When to Laugh." The lesson that we learned from this should also be applied in our classrooms.

A short time ago in our different classes, we were called upon to name the course we were taking. Upon mention of the Household Arts Course, a giggle filled the room. Students! will you please tell me why, upon the mention of this course, nearly all the students, and, yes, though I do not take pleasure in saying so, some of the teachers laughed? We all appreciate a good joke, and surely if there is any joke to be heard, we want to hear it. Fellow students! we are equally as serious in our domestic science work as you are in your algebra and Spanish classes. And a word to those who think we have no outside work to do. We have, every month, to do outside of school, twenty hours of cooking and twenty hours of sewing. We also have a text book in our cooking class, from which we have assignments. Where is it that you go, when you want to borrow a thread and needle? Why, to the sewing room, of course. Where are some of the appetizing things made that you eat at lunch? In the cooking classes. Yet you laugh when the mention of the Household Arts Course is made. I am sure that when you stop to consider what we are doing, you will find that you have no reason to laugh at us.

By a Member of the Household Arts Course.



The Mysterious R. V. R.

"JUST eleven months have passed since I came here," sighed Dick Van Rendan as he passed his hand wearily over his forehead, as though trying to remember what had happened before that time.

He could not, try as he would, remember the past; it was blank. His real name was not, of course, Dick Van Rendan, but he could not remember his right name. One of the doctors had laughingly said, on that November night that he had been brought in, "Why burden the world with any more Smiths or Joneses? Let's give him a real fancy name." So he had taken the directory and started with the Z's to find Dick a suitable surname. He had chosen this one because he said Dick really looked the name.

Dick had been brought to a small private sanitarium, one cold November night, half-starved and his memory gone. The doctors had tried to find his friends or relatives by advertising in the personal columns, but to no avail. In fact, it seemed that Dick was doomed to spend his entire life unknown.

"Yes, just eleven months," he murmured again, "and I am still here. I do wish that someone would claim me; I'm so tired of being a nobody."

He showed a decided leaning toward building and designing. This was very evident from the numerous rose arbors in the garden, and the many small birdhouses, built since his advent to the sanitarium. They were minute, but perfect in every detail, even to the tiny chimneys made of pebbles.

Two nurses, walking together, saw him one day designing a new summer house.

"Mr. Dick was never a man who worked with his hands," said one.

"Oh, no, anyone with half an eye could see that," said the other. "Why his hands, when he came here, were as white and soft as a woman's."

"Yes, and they still are," the other continued. "No one would ever suggest that he help build that summer house that he's designing."

"Oh, no, Mr. Dick's not the man for that, believe me. He's seen better days and it's a shame his memory has gone. Well, I suppose God knows best," and with that she parted from her sister nurse who seemed to be thinking that over. Then she retraced her steps to where Dick was sitting and said to him, "Mr. Dick," (somehow it seemed that everyone said "Mr." when addressing him) "you know that Thanksgiving is nearly here and we nurses are giving an entertainment. We were wondering if you'd help us with the scenery?"

"Why, certainly, I'd enjoy it," answered Dick.

That night Dick thought over the day's events. "I ought to be able to get someone to buy my drawings, and I always can build scenes," he soliloquized. "Then, too, if I get out in the world, some one might recognize me, and I could know my name, at least."

Thus was the idea born in Dick's head to escape.

It was two nights later when Dick, shoes in hand, crept cautiously down the stairs and out the front door. There was a huge iron gate at the entrance, and the problem was now to get out thru it.

Near the entrance, inside the gate, there was a limousine and Dick thought that by sitting on the running board he might get past the night-watchman. He sat there, what seemed to him, ages, when suddenly he heard footsteps. Then the car started, the iron gate clanged behind him and he was out, free from his sanitarium-prison and into the outer world where freedom was his password.

He was brought to his senses by a shrieking of brakes, and he realized that they had stopped in front of a huge farmhouse, which stood almost on the edge of the road.

"Hello, Dad, I thought you'd never come."

"Now, Betsa," a bluff voice remonstrated gently, "you know I didn't promise to come here as early as this. I was just up to the sanitarium and I hurried away from there as quickly as possible."

"I know, Dad, I was mean, but it does seem good to have you here, again."

"Well, Betsa, girl, jump in, and we'll get home."

From his place of concealment Dick could hear snatches of the conversation, "slumming" and "no risk," "delightful experience" and so on, as though these two hadn't seen each other for many months.

And indeed, they hadn't for Elizabeth Alden had just finished an eleven month's stay abroad and her father, Robert Alden, had had to remain on this side of the water on business.

As the car started up again, Dick quickly left his perilous perch and disappeared in the high bushes bordering the road way.

He had not the slightest idea of where he was going, but he could see shining lights, showing where the city lay. If he had stayed, he might have been interested in Betsa and her father's conversation.

"Dad, what ever has happened to Dick? He didn't answer one of my letters. I think he must be angry, and even if he isn't, I am. He should have answered my letters, anyway." pouted Betsa.

"Never mind, dear, he'll probably answer for himself when he learns that you're home. It surely does seem good though, to have my little girl home again."

"Oh, Dad, I must tell you about our slumming party. Eleanor suggested it; she always does think of the cutest things. We are going Thanksgiving Eve and distribute baskets of, perhaps not mercy, but food. That's always welcome", and Betsa laughed gaily.

"Well, as long as you're with Eleanor, I know you're safe. She'd get anyone out of any situation."

Meanwhile, Dick was trudging to the city. He happened to hit the questionable part of it where nothing looked familiar to him. He had a few cents in his pocket, enough for lodging for the night. Tomorrow, he thought he would get some work.

But on Thanksgiving Eve, Dick was wearily walking the streets, hungry, penniless, and with no place to sleep.

There were many people in the street, bustling and hustling, getting in their supplies for the morrow. Everyone was thinking of the coming feast, and no one gave any thought to poor Dick.

Suddenly he heard a scream. Looking up he saw a tiny child toddling into the middle of the street and down the street was coming a high-powered auto. Dick rushed out, pushed the child aside, and then amid the screech of brakes and cries of people, he fell unconscious.

He did not hear Betsa Alden's shriek of "Dick, Dick!" or feel her hands gently place his head on her lap. He didn't because he had succumbed to exhaustion and hunger.

When he opened his eyes, he looked around at the neat, white room, completely bewildered. What was he, Dick Van Rendan doing here? What had happened, and where was Betsa?

These thoughts were interrupted by that young lady herself.

"Oh, Dick, where have you been? You had us all terribly frightened."

"Frightened? Me?" he asked, regardless of grammar. "Why, I haven't been anywhere."

"Oh, yes, you've been gone eleven months and you didn't even leave any trace, or a note."

"But I've been known as Dick Van Rendan, haven't I?"

"Perhaps, but no one could locate you. But what does that matter now? You're back again, unharmed, and that's all we care about."

"We?" he inquired.

"Well, I, then," she said, blushing adorably.

"Oh, by the way, dear, what day is today?"

"Thanksgiving, why?"

"I was just thinking how appropriate it was that I should be found today."

"Well, even if you hadn't been found today, I'd have found you sometime, Dick, for I had Eleanor on our slumming trip, and she'd have you hunted out somehow."

A news item in the paper supplied enough details for Betsa to find out what she wanted to know. It ran as follows: "Richard Van Rendan, the son of the well-known Judge Van Rendan has returned. Just a year ago he disappeared leaving no trace and as has been found out, he turned up at a country sanitarium. By a strange coincidence, since the initials on his clothes were R.V.R., he was given the name of Richard Van Rendan. He escaped from the sanitarium, and was struck by Miss Elizabeth Alden's auto Thanksgiving Eve, fortunately for him, as he was identified by her. His memory, which was before blank, is now fully restored, and he is well on the road to recovery."

And a certain item in the "Town Tattler" was no surprise at all when it appeared sometime later announcing the engagement of Richard Van Rendan and Miss Elizabeth Alden, and citing it as a childhood romance.

Madeline S., Com'l, '27.

An Adventure

TIMOTHY Rooney, better known as "Tim," slammed shut the stout door of the little trading post, and drew on his heavy fur mittens.

"Come on, Shorty, quit eyein' that picture poster a while and help me with this here pack. We gotta make the cabin 'fore night at least," he growled in a friendly tone. "Shorty" Gaston, Tim's fellow trapper, gave a last, hasty look at the gaudily colored advertisement proclaiming that the season's greatest picture, "The Chorus Girl's Lover," would be shown next Friday at the Arctic Palace, and turned reluctantly to his friend. To the tune of "Little Annie Rooney," that oldtime favorite, and a few warm expletives, the pack was finally adjusted to Tim's broad shoulders. Shorty, because of his scant five feet of height, had to carry only a few small packages, consisting of a box of chocolate creams, for which Tim had a weakness, a couple of ancient movie magazines, which were Shorty's delight, and a new shirt for Tim.

Tim glanced uneasily at the leaden sky overhead and started on the homeward journey. Shorty mumbled something about a heavy snow coming soon, and plodded after his companion. The wind was becoming bitterly cold and already a few flakes of snow were sifting down. The two trappers, afraid to be caught in a Northern blizzard, hastened their steps.

A mile later found the two enveloped in a gray, swirling mass of snow. The wind howled dismally thru the dense pines. The soft soothng of the driving snow made itself heard when the wind ceased a bit. Tim stolidly plodded on, thinking not of the cold and wind, but of the warm cabin awaiting him some four miles ahead. When he reached home, he would draw off his heavy moccasins, open his box of candy, and with one of Shorty's magazines would pass the time till bed-hour. He pictured himself lying in his bunk dreaming of the rich fur catch he had made.

His dreams of the future were suddenly cut short by a long-drawn out cry from somewhere around him and his companion. Tim turned to Shorty, gripped his shoulder and shouted one word in his ear, "Wolves!" The terror of the defenseless trapper caught in a storm was on their heels.

"They probably smelt your candy," was Shorty's bellowed comment, but he, nevertheless, worked the lever of his carbine several times to assure himself of its perfect working order.

The wolves were unusually bold and ferocious that year, due probably to the scarceness of small game. Even Tim, brave as he was, shivered as he recalled certain tales he had heard concerning hungry timber-wolves and lone trappers. He turned to tell Shorty to hurry, and saw that runty individual all asprawl on his face. Hastily he hurried to his friend's side. His face blanched with fear as he saw Shorty point to his ankle. Shorty's right foot was twisted unnaturally in his snowshoe, showing all too plainly a broken or sprained ankle. Tim's agile brain began to perform some notable mental gymnastics as to how to reach the cabin before the wolves became bold enough to attack. Already he glimpsed the brutes, gaunt, shaggy fellows, circling around him and his friend. There was no time to lose. Hastily removing Shorty's snowshoes, he swung him up to his great shoulders. Shorty uttered never a groan, but sat straddled over Tim's shoulders, with his legs hanging down over Tim's chest. Tim's legs worked like pistons as he hastened toward his cabin.

The snow had ceased falling and the moon had come out from behind a cloud. The wolves, seeming to sense that their prey was slipping from their jaws, became more bold and forming in a pack headed by a great, black brute, they swept down upon the two men. Came the sharp crack of a high-powered rifle and one of the foremost wolves dropped.

The moon, swimming coldly in a star-besprinkled sky, lighted the scene of the fight. Tim was tiring. The cabin truly was nearer, but he even more truly was failing in strength. The rifle was barking less frequently now. Shorty's hands were like boards. The cold was working. Tim felt as if he were walking in a nightmare. His chum weighed terribly heavy. Funny, come to think of it, how much a little fellow like Shorty could weigh. Tim's mind began to wander. But not that of Shorty. He was saving his last shot for the wolf leader. Now, he waited till the beast was fairly in front of him and his friend. Then he slowly raised the gun, caught the wolf in the sights and pulled the trigger. With that shot, the luck turned. The leader of the wolves fell, his fellows fled, Tim aroused himself to a supreme effort and ran or rather staggered over the remaining distance to the cabin. But here he collapsed. With a crash he fell against the door, which not being able to withstand the combined weight of some three-hundred-and-sixty pounds, promptly swung inwards.

When Tim regained his senses, he found himself propped up against a bunk, a warm blanket enveloping him, and the delightful odor of boiling coffee assailing his nostrils. From the stove to his left came a grateful warmth and from the doorway of the shed to his right, came the unharmoniously sung words of "Little Annie Rooney." Tim sighed once, yawned twice, and fell to snoring loudly.

Elmer Merriman.

The Double Spiral

IT was Ed White, who started it all. We were in his room one cold December evening talking about almost anything under the sun, but especially about the past football season which had ended with Stanford's defeat of her old rival, Ashley. As true Stanford men, we still liked to remember that last game when Ashley, which had triumphed three years in succession, was handed an unexpected beating by the fighting Stanford team. It was after we had discussed the game from all angles that Ed remarked, "What do you think was the most interesting happening of the whole season?" We all had a good play or feature of some game, but it was Ed, who told us a story that certainly took the prize.

"As you know," began Ed, "what really won for us in the Ashley game was the kicking of 'Snake' Edwards." We all nodded for it was an undisputed fact that Snake's long kicks had helped us score our two touchdowns.

"Well," said Ed, "there is something funny about it and I'll let you in on it. Soon after the first game, when everyone saw that we lacked a kicker, I happened to leave my room one morning a few minutes before the first bell and whom should I see going into their rooms, but Snake Edwards and his room-mate, Horton Manville, and Snake had a ball tucked under his arm. As Edwards was halfback on the varsity, I rather wondered how it happened he was out so early in the morning,

evidently practising with Manville, a tall, thin senior, whose only interest was in his pursuit of the higher branches of mathematics. I hailed them and Snake, seeing my curiosity, placed his finger across his lips and motioned me into his room. A second later Snake was explaining what they had been doing. He said that he, also, was worried because there was no real punter on the team and when he told Manville about his fears, Manville was downcast because of his love for his school and for his roommate. Tho Manville knew little of the game, he had spent long hours trying to solve the problem and finally he had told Snake that he had found a way to kick that should give great distance. Snake was skeptical, but after Manville's urging he had tried to kick according to the formula and he thought that there really was something to it. Here Horton interrupted and tried to explain how a long kick could be obtained by a certain method which he had found thru his work in mathematics. It was all Greek to me, however, and I felt quite certain that there was nothing to it. However, out of curiosity, I asked if I might watch them some morning and Snake replied that I might, but not to tell anyone else.

Accordingly, a few days later I arose early and ran down to the athletic field where, in a corner, I saw Snake kicking. I noticed at once that he was getting off some good kicks, tho not any better than our fullback's, who was for the present, our regular punter. It was then that Snake asked me to help Manville catch the punts and return them and I willingly placed myself about forty yards from Snake. I noticed nothing peculiar about the way he kicked the ball and I set myself to catch the high spiral. Just as the ball neared me, it seemed to twist peculiarly and sail over my head. I recovered the ball and returned it, thinking that I had misjudged it. But time after time the same thing happened. The ball, always a difficult spiral, seemed to get new force as it neared me and either twisted out of my hands or sailed over my head. When I returned to my room that morning, I was puzzled. There evidently was something to Manville's theory and I wondered how it was going to help Stanford. During all the preliminary games Edwards played brilliantly and he certainly lived up to his name when he was given the ball. However, he did not kick once in any of the games and I wondered if he had abandoned his practices. When I asked him, however, he answered that he was able to get a peculiar kick now which could only be described as a double spiral and that he hoped to be able to do all the kicking in the last two games, which, of course, were the most important. He had decided to tell no one of the discovery until he was sure that he could out-kick anyone on the team.

For quite a while after that talk with "Snake" I thought nothing of the matter and I had almost forgotten about it when, in the Newton game, the game before the one with Ashley, I was thrilled to see Snake go back to kick in the closing minutes of the game. The score was tied, and it was our ball near our forty yard line. Our kicking had been very poor during the game and the Newton quarterback only got back near his thirty yard line. His surprise was no greater than anyone's in the stands when Snake punted a long, high, spiral that forced the Newton quarterback to race back five yards to catch the ball. Our two ends went flying down the field and when the Newton man fumbled the ball, our ends dropped on it only twenty yards from the goal. A second later, Smith, the full-back, dropped the ball over the bars by a beautiful drop-kick and the game was ours.

As for the Ashley game, you know how Snake's long spirals, which really seemed double spirals, were fumbled and missed time and again and how they helped us to our two scores. "Yes," finished Ed, "it certainly was Snake's kicking that won for us when Ashley was a favorite to beat us."

"But," questioned someone, "won't the Coach teach all his punters to kick this double spiral?"

Ed smiled. "That's the funniest part of all," he said, "because when Snake tried to tell the Coach how he could kick a double spiral, the Coach said it was all bunk and that Snake got off such good punts because of his long practice and his confidence in the way of kicking. The Coach believes that it was no double spiral at all, but that the quarterbacks merely misjudged the ball. But you can't make Snake or Manville believe that."

O. Johnson.

A Thankful Thanksgiving

BETSY CHAPIN ran eagerly to the door when she heard the bell ring. Opening the door, she saw a Western Union messenger, who handed her one of those mysterious, yellow envelopes. She signed for it and seated herself in a comfortable armchair and looked the envelope over as if it could reveal its contents. It was addressed to her father, who, with Mrs. Chapin, was at present doing the Thanksgiving shopping.

Rising, with a sigh, she went busily about her tasks in the kitchen. About an hour later she glanced out of the window and saw her father's car coming down the road. She hurried out of the house to the garage to help her parents carry in the packages.

"Hello, Mother; Hello, Dad," she called as she ran down the path. "Oh, Dad, there's a telegram for you on the table."

"All right, little girl. Help your mother with some of the packages while I lock Lizzie up for the night."

After setting the table and putting the supper on, Betsy once more reminded her father of the telegram by placing it in his hands. He playfully pulled her hair and laid the telegram by his plate, thinking it was best wishes from a relative, and started to eat his supper.

"Oh, Daddy, see whom it is from."

"Betsy," reproved her Mother.

"Well, Betsy, girl, if you are so impatient, I'll open it for you," said Mr. Chapin, and he cut the envelope and read the telegram, then silently passed it to his wife who in turn read and passed it to Betsy. She jumped up from the table, crying, "Oh boy, and just in time for Thanksgiving."

That night, while Betsy sat before her dressing table, she talked to herself, for she was bubbling over with joy. "What have I to be thankful for? Millions and millions of things," she said answering her own question. But she had one big thing to be thankful for and that was that her brother, who was thought to be dead, was alive and coming home.

Betsy sat a long time before her dressing table thinking of her brother, Phil. Phil had gone to the war and had been reported dead. Now to think he was really alive, and coming home. That was what the mysterious telegram had said.

Turning out the light Betsy went to bed to dream of her tall, dark, handsome brother.

The next thing she knew somebody was pulling her ears and singing, "Lazy Betsy, will you get up, will you get up this morning?" Opening her eyes, she gazed up into a pair of eyes as brown as her own.

"Yes, I'll get up if this nice young man will tell me his tale of woe," answered Betsy. Hastily dressing, she ran down stairs to join the rest of the family, who were, as Mr. Chapin explained, "waiting for the sleeping beauty to arise."

After breakfast Phil told his family how he had been gassed and after leaving the hospital, he could remember nothing of what happened before the gas attack. He had been to specialists, but they could do nothing for him. He had travelled all over the States and while attending an American Legion meeting in a small town not far from his home city, he had met his buddy, who at once slapped him on the back and called him by name, "jarring back my memory," said Phil, concluding his story.

"Oh, how thankful we all are," said Betsy as she danced out of the room. "Say, I'm going to kill the fatted turkey for the long-lost son," she flung over her shoulder as she once more entered the kitchen to help prepare a Thanksgiving dinner.

Mildred Marshall, Com'l, '26.

Our Tonsorial Friend, the Barber

OUR acquaintance with this necessary personage goes back to our childhood days when we finally outgrew the ministrations of Ma or Pa along tonsorial lines. At about the long pants period, what had formerly been merely a necessity now became a function, so to speak. We were beginning to sit up and take notice. Up to this period of our existence a haircut was just something which took that much of our time from play, and like music lessons, school, measles or mumps, was an inconvenience and a bore. But with the advent and assumption of long pants, a certain appropriate dignity had to be acquired and maintained. So the barber became a personage of considerable importance in our young life.

Perhaps you have never experienced the trials and perversities involved in training a pompadour in the proper way it should go, that is, to speak briefly, up. The barber could do his part in laying out and executing the general plan and design of the scenery of the upper regions, but, like the high-class surgeons of today, his interests ended with the operation successfully performed. To keep that 'pomp' standing meant hours of tedious work with the brush, and that it might not collapse while we indulged in peaceful repose, it was most essential to tie it back at night, with a towel bound tightly about the head, or perhaps one of Mother's old stocking tops held down with a piece of elastic. So eventually we acquired a well trained and much coveted "pomp," which friend barber kept nicely mowed and trimmed, and which may have been fearful to behold in its early stages.

And then who can forget the time when our pride in our appearance seemed to justify our first shave? Some of us were bold enough and foolish enough to borrow

Dad's razor, and those who survived the ordeal know what an undertaking that was. The barber, always alive to trade opportunities, was ever willing and anxious to start us on our shaving career, and once started we became his abject slaves, as no doubt he well knew we would, so his solicitations were not entirely of an unselfish nature. In ancient times the profession of barbaring embraced also the science of blood letting, and a certain inherent proficiency in this latter accomplishment has been carried down thru the ages, and is still evident in a greater or lesser degree among the exponents of the tonsorial art.

Since the fairer sex has become steady patrons of the tonsorial parlors, as we are inclined to call them in a dignified manner, which heretofore have been maintained inviolate for man's use only, a decided change in the atmosphere and environment is apparent. The Police Gazette has given way to the Ladies' Home Journal, and no longer does stale tobacco smoke mingle with the virile fragrance of Bay Rum and Eau de Cologne and what not. The latter has given way to the odour of face powder which is constantly helping us to choke with wrath.

The substantial increase in business and prices, due to the advent of the girls (I beg your pardon, ladies) has lessened to some extent the importunities of the barber to us mere men along the line of extras, such as shampoos, singes, tonics, etc, etc. But perhaps someday we shall again have our innings.

Styles change, even with the young ladies, and when bobbed hair goes out, we shall go in, and assume once more one hundred percent our rightful places as high lords of the tonsorial parlor, and again enjoy the pink sheet of our beloved Police Gazette, and all the other perquisites which from time immemorial have been vouchsafed to us gentlemen, who after all are the real mainstays of that essentially male institution, the barber shop.

W. L. L., '26.

Old Things

THE title of this may suggest two things. One might say it was my purpose to talk about old shoes, and rags, and dead cats. Another might picture brass candlesticks, furniture, yellow manuscripts. He would, of course, be the more aesthetically inclined. Incidentally he would be correct.

There is something very lovely about old things, the right kind of old things. Pick up a bit of lace fashioned in Colonial times. Directly your imagination will carry you back three hundred years or so. You can see a brilliant company dancing the minuet. The men wear gleaming satin suits and silk hose. Rich embroidery is worked into their clothing. Their heads are all quite similar, very curly and unnaturally white. Powdered wigs, no doubt. The ladies' heads are just as white and just as curly. Their dresses are elaborate, too. How do they manage those great skirts? The lightest dancer and the sweetest girl wears a shawl of delicate lace. You are holding a piece of it in your hand now. Quite astonishing, isn't it, how much pleasure we can get from looking at souvenirs of long ago? Perhaps that is why we have so many museums and so much collecting.

Mrs. Harrisson Smythe (spelled S-m-y-t-h-e) has furnished her home with Early American because everyone else in her set has. Mr. Smythe, who can't re-

member to spell it that way, objected strongly when his morris chair was taken away. He can't see why his wife spends so much money on old furniture. "The varnish is off in lots of places and it's so darn uncomfortable." Mrs. Smythe found a perfectly charming earthenware jug at an auction and placed it on a table in her hall. Her husband decided that the grocery boy had made a mistake in leaving the vinegar jug, so he put it in a cupboard in the pantry.

Of course, Mr. Smythe is the sort who would think of old shoes, and rags, and dead cats.

Wesley M. Noble.

Dreams

I wish that I could go thru life, adventuring,
Yet keep my dreams;
Keep my little girl dreams about fairies,
And my big girl dreams about knights,
And all my child dreams.
I'd like to gather new dreams, like memories,
Not lose the old ones, on my way thru life!

M. H. Baslow.

Pumpkin's Fate

It lay in the midst of withered leaves—
A splash of golden light
That peeped from out the tall, brown weeds,
A pumpkin round and bright.

I s'pose right now it has no cares,
No sorrow does it see,
Its placid brow depicts no fear,
It's happy 'cause it's free.

But ah! 'twill not be always so,
Tears now bedim my eyes,
To think that in a week or two
'Twill fill Thanksgiving pies!

Kathryn Goddeau, Commercial.

Pirating

I am a pirate,
A merciless pirate;
I weather the stormiest seas,
And when life seems dull,
I've a paradise in the sea of memories.
I wear a patched cloak
Of gay peacock blue,
And a tattered, three-cornered hat.
The laces and frills on my black velvet suit
Are torn, but I care not for that.
My ship skims along as its yellow sails fill;
I flaunt my flag on high;
I plunder each ship
For its treasure hold;
Not one do I pass by.

O, the glories I find on these memory ships,
Such riches you've never seen;
Glad turquoise days,
A midnight pearl,
Young days of emerald green;
One dazzling night—white diamond—
Calm twilight amethyst,
An opal dawn,
A crystal noon,
And a sorrowful topaz mist.

Then back thru storm and lashing foam
Until the journey's done.
I turn to gloat o'er my booty rare
But my oaken chest is gone.

Yet I never grieve over any loss
For out beyond the shore,
Across the sea and far away
Are many memories more,
And many another day in which
To steal the precious store.

M. H. Bastow.

Gifts

At times I get a-thinking
Of gifts I've always had
A dear, old, cozy homestead,
A mother dear, and dad,
A little sister, Mildred,
A lovely friend so true,
A laughing, dancing playmate,
Ah yes, a lover too.

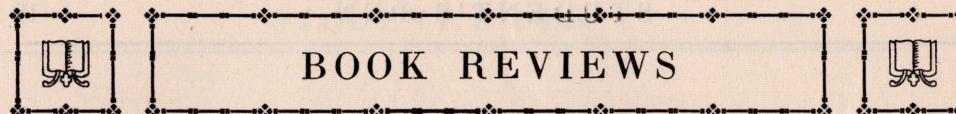
All day I keep on thinking,
Brown studies fill my mind,
And all my dreams go wand'ring
To thoughts of friends so kind.
But when the dark is coming
I'll put these musings by,
And guide my dreams to the setting sun,
In far off, western sky.

Contributed.

A Violin

The music rose—then fell;
Then quivering, rose again,
And, in the air, was left suspended
One last, sad, silver strain.
I sighed—I knew not why,
And silent stood,
And seemed from all the world apart.
I wondered what divine power a violin had,
To leave that faint pain in my heart.
Then from the violin was born another melody;
This time the tune was gay.
At once I visioned dancers,
Now tripping near, and then away,
Around and 'round they swirled!
Then—all at once the music ceased.
Once more I sighed,
I knew again an ordinary world.

E. C.



BOOK REVIEWS

"Queer Judson"

JN "Queer Judson," Joseph Lincoln has struck no new note in his authorship, but has simply produced one more wholesome, diverting Cape Cod tale. When reading Lincoln's books one always has the comfortable feeling that in the end, despite innumerable trials and tests, the misunderstood hero will win fame and happiness, and the wicked oppressors will be brought to grief. In fact, to me, Mr. Lincoln is somewhat of an Horatio Alger for grown-ups. His kindly and realistic touches of humor, and his inimitable portrayal of the Cape Cod type of New Englander save his works from being common-place.

"Queer Judson," as Carey Judson, the hero, is called by the townspeople, is depicted at the opening of the book as a complete failure, a business bankrupt. This situation is due, we learn, to his father's kindly-meant ambition to have his elder son become a banker. As such, Judson was a "square peg in a round hole," and a lack of business instinct combined with an unprincipled partner soon landed him in the bankruptcy court. The greatest tragedy of his failure, however, was that he lost the nest-eggs of many of his own and his father's personal friends and neighbors. The theme of the book centers around Judson's gradual climb back to self-respect and prosperity via his genius for carving decoys, an unexpected legacy, and, of course, a charming and sensible girl. Judson, himself, is an appealing character but many of the less important personages of the book are equally interesting and even more entertaining.

"Queer Judson" is not a "thriller" nor is it ultra-modern or ultra-anything, in fact; but it is a book to amble pleasantly through on some rainy evening.

M. Smith, '26.

An Unfinished Novel

THERE is a certain fascination in the unfinished novel. It haunts one; you can no more put it aside carelessly and forget it than if it was your own unfinished book. As yet, I have not found a satisfactory conclusion for "Suspense," the unpublished manuscript, upon which Joseph Conrad had long been laboring, and which he left uncompleted at his death. It is a story of the Napoleonic era, just before, one surmises, the famous "hundred days." It is evident that Napoleon holds as much fascination for Conrad himself, as for Cosmo Latbam, the attractive young English gentleman, who falls into such strange and exciting adventures at Genoa. Conrad's own attitude toward this work of his is interesting. "The Brute," he says, referring to Napoleon, "gets in the way every time I start upon it, and I have to put it down." Does not this feeling which repels and yet attracts him to the "little giant" indicate that somewhere in the story Napoleon would have come into the novel and would have moulded the destinies of Cosmo, of that lovely lady, Adèle Montevesso, of Attilio, and the others who seem caught in a web of intrigue, the more inextricably because it is unknown to the reader? When it ends (as the

name suggests in a very thrilling situation) it is as if Death, when he claimed Conrad had cut also the thread of life of these characters whom that great novelist had made live for us on paper. I think Mr. Conrad did well to forbid the publication of any conclusion to her husband's novel.

There are many writers who can tell a story, but few who, like Conrad, can write one in such perfect prose. Nor do I mean that the perfection of his writing hampers his narrative, for it is merely a complement, if a very important one. Set in the pure gold of his smooth and easy writing are little jewels—just a few words of description, sometimes only a sentence, which lingers in the memory. "A carved hill, dotted with lights" is his description of Genoa from the harbor at night; "the water, gleaming, black, like a polished mirror for the stars" is the water at night. "Suspense," I do not think is as good as many of Joseph Conrad's novels, perhaps because, as he, himself, confesses, it possesses him—he is no longer the master of the book, but nevertheless, it is never uninteresting, and the style is flawless.

Madge Tompkins, '26.

Emily Climbs

L. M. MONTGOMERY has written a new story which will interest many readers even more than did the popular "Anne of Green Gables." "Emily Climbs" is a sequel to "Emily of New Moon." In it the author describes Emily's girlhood and high school days in such a way that the reader becomes immediately interested in the book.

Emily determines to climb, and she climbs into the reader's heart. With her friends from Blair Water in Canada, who are at Shrewsbury High School, she passes many days pleasantly, becoming involved in various strange happenings. Her ambition is to become a writer and although she is discouraged by her relatives most of her stories are accepted by editors of popular magazines. Some are returned and she is slightly discouraged, but she determines to succeed. Finally the day arrives when she is offered a position in New York on the staff of a well-known magazine. Read this interesting book and discover what is her decision. Also find out what happens when Perry of Stovepipe Town suddenly decides to marry her and how another friend, Teddy of the Tansy Patch enters her world.

I enjoyed this novel because it describes how Canadian people lived a few years ago, and Emily's own life is an example of the struggles of a young person who desires to climb the ladder of fame. I think this book would appeal to many people both young and old.

Rosemary Gannon, '28.

The Kenworthys

A FOOLISH quarrel ends an engagement that might have meant perfect happiness for two young people. Six months afterward, Jim marries a woman who seems to promise all that he has lost. Sometime later, Emily marries Bob, his younger brother. Bob's mother has always had a longing for a daughter in her heart and Emily speedily fills this place.

Jim's marriage ends disastrously and he goes to his mother for her unfailing comfort and healing. There, he and Emily meet, this time no longer lovers, but only friends. Their love, however, remains an unrecognized, though potent force in all that follows.

Shortly afterward, Jim's hard, sullen, defiant, almost savage young son comes into Emily's home. The boy's life under his mother's roof has left its ugly mark on him. With the greatest gentleness and tact Emily tries to win his love for his father. Then, begins this tender, searching love story between father and son.

With this novel Miss Margaret Wilson goes definitely into the short list of authentic American novelists. She is somewhat heavy, a trifle long; the perfect artistry of Edith Wharton and Willa Cather, at her best she will probably never have; but she covers in this book, ground in American novel writing before this uncovered. She does it with such a seeing of things as a whole an unswerving and loyal quality, a steadiness, that it sets her permanently above the host of little writers that spring up every day.

Aside from moral tangles this book is interesting because it is so startling, so different, so reactionary, that it forces and keeps our interest until the end has been reached.

Charles Wells, '28.

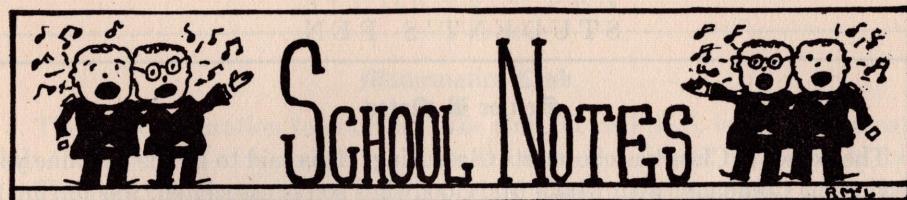
Essays of the Sea

AM coming to believe that there is something about the sea and life on a ship that inspires a certain kind of writing—writing that "smells of the sea," as the captains say. "Swallowing the Anchor," (a delightful title!), by William McFee blows in a salt-laden breeze from the sea, so sharply direct and cool that it threatens, at first, to disturb one's balance, but if you can withstand the first blast, you will find it bracing, exhilarating and refreshing after the enervating calm of the inland. Mr. McFee's subjects are widely different. He wanders from lady passengers to feuilletonists, and from the Merchant Marine to the qualifications of a writer—an attractive variety.

But it is the point of view of the writer that distinguishes these essays. The author is sometimes bitter and taciturn, but always clear, direct, and not wholly unjust. His discussion of that naive expression, "The Sex Best Sellers" is very amusing, but honest, and his criticism, if it has a sharp edge to it, is refreshingly sane and clear-cut. "Reply to a Letter from a Young Gentleman at Yale" will be interesting and valuable for those of the young generation who either honestly wish to write or imagine that they do. "The Young Gentleman" asks what one needs in order to write well and Mr. McFee undertakes to answer his questions.

It is impossible in some cases to agree with the author, but you will find in the volume a great deal that is valuable. Some of these essays will make you smile while you deplore McFee's conclusions; some you will re-read many times and enjoy.

Madge Tompkins, '26.



Musical Assembly

Because the musical assembly held last year was so successful, the Assembly Committee decided to have another this year. It was very successful. The first number was a violin duet, played by Mr. Frumkin and Mr. Simpkins, of the Junior B Class. Miss Legro sang a group of songs: "Rain," "Trees," "Animal Crackers," and "Ho, Mr. Piper." Then she and Miss Hollister sang a very pleasing duet. Morris Pock, Senior A, played two violin solos, "Mazurka" and "Rondino." A very pleasing dramatization of a Japanese song was given by Miss Chittenden. The final number was a trio, violin—Morris Poch, violincello—Miss Davies, piano—Miss Moses. The accompanists were Dorotha Logan and Harriet Moses.

The assembly was so enjoyable that we hope we may have a similar one again soon.

Armistice Day Assembly

Armistice Day, Rev. Vincent G. Burns, pastor of the South Congregational Church, addressed the student body. Before his speech, the entrance of the flag was executed by members of the C. M. T. C. Club, which was followed by the salute to the flag and the singing of "America the Beautiful" by the students. A most impressive part of the program was the playing of "Taps" by David Dellert and the echo played by William Gorman. Mr. Burns, who was introduced by Mr. Strout, spoke on the significance of Armistice Day. He is a man fully capable of this because of his over-seas service during the World War when he saw real fighting and all the horrors of the war. One of the greatest truths Mr. Burns carried with him after the war was that there is no mental or moral aristocracy; that in every man there are possibilities for a wonderful life. He told many incidents, all perfectly true, that occurred during that great struggle in France. One thing in his address which appealed strongly to the audience, was the fact that the speaker believes in the young people of to-day and in their idealism. The students showed their appreciation of the entire speech by their attention while Mr. Burns was speaking and the applause when he had finished. In closing, our speaker said, "Break not faith with them, the heroes of our hearts to-day. Break not faith with them, but bless the earth with their spirit. I wish you all could sing with me that wondrous challenge to heroic life:

I ask no heaven till earth be thine,
No glory crown while work of mine
Remaineth here. Till earth shall shine among the stars
Her sins wiped out, her captives free,
Her voice a music unto Thee,
For crown, more work give thou to me,
Lord, here am I."

Senior B Notes

The Senior B Class has chosen its Class Ring! It is said to be the best one yet. The Balfour Company, with whom Mr. Goodwin's son is associated, was fortunate enough to obtain the order. The main part of the ring, the top, of course, is black onyx in which the letters P.H.S. are encrusted. Around the onyx, which is rectangular in shape, is a border of white gold, which gives a very decided mark of distinction to the whole thing. The numerals 1926 are steel cut in the band, which is made of natural gold. The ring is guaranteed to be genuine onyx and to last for twenty-five years. Measurements and money are now being taken so that it will not be long before the rings are in the possession of the Senior B's.

L. Burns.

Senior B Notes, Commercial

A meeting of the Senior B Class of Commercial Building was held September 28th and class officers for the present year were elected.

Anne Rodger was for the third time elected president; Blanche Illingworth was elected vice-president; P. M. Bailey, secretary; and H. P. Savage, treasurer. At this time the question of class rings was discussed and a ring committee was elected.

After the ring committee had selected several rings a meeting was held October 30th to made a choice. An onyx ring with raised gold letters was selected.

P. M. Bailey, Secretary.

Junior A

The thoughts uppermost in the minds of the Junior A Class are those of the huge success the Prom is going to be. At a meeting held October 28th, chairmen of the various committees were elected. Final plans have not been wholly completed, but the dance is to be held January 8th at the Girls' League Gym and Fritz Cooley's orchestra will play. Let us stand behind the Junior A's and help to make their dance as successful both socially and financially as the last one.

Junior A Notes

The Junior Prom Committee of Central and Commercial held a joint meeting in the lecture room, October 28. The purpose of the meeting was to discuss the plans for the Prom. It was decided to elect a general chairman and general secretary of the committee, Merrill Tabor and Irene Sheridan being chosen to fill the respective offices. In addition to this, a chairman of each committee was elected. A report was given on our financial condition. The subject of the music for the Prom was brought up and discussed, but as yet nothing definite has been decided.

We hope to make our Prom a huge success this year. It is one of the most important events in high school affairs. Therefore let us all help to make this an event to be proud of. WATCH FOR ITS DATE!

Irene Sheridan, Sec.

Mathematics Club

The last organization to enter into the club life of P.H.S. is the Mathematics Club, the baby club with respect to size as well as to age, since it numbers but nine.

The policy of the club is to handle problems and questions which arise, but as yet it has no set program for the year. During its first month the club has had interesting voluntary contributions from various members in mathematical fallacies, magic squares and circles, resultant forces and elementary sectors. In discussion the following topics have been touched upon: permutations, chance, the probability curve as found in class work and in different phases of life, and the theory of the mortality table of the life insurance companies. During the year an attempt will be made to trace the influence which mathematics has had on the progress of science and of civilization. An attempt will be made also to get an elementary notion of the content of courses in higher mathematics.

Miss McSweeney: "Why are you tardy, Mr. Shaw?"

Harvey Shaw: "The bell rang before I got here."

* * * *

"How old is your brother?" inquired Willis.

"He's a year old," replied Tommy.

"Huh! I've got a dog a year old and he can walk better than your brother."

"That's nothing, your dog's got twice as many feet."

* * * *

Judge: "Kelly, why is it that you have no horn on your car; don't you know that you should?"

Rogerson Kelly: "Yes, Your Honor, but I do not need a horn."

Judge: "Why not?"

Kelly: "Well, on the front of my car it says, 'Dodge, Brothers.' "

* * * *

Teacher: "Johnny, what does s-l-o-w spell?"

Johnny: "I don't know."

Teacher: "Well, what are you?"

Johnny (hastily): "DUMB."

* * * *

Bill Collector: "Is the manager in?"

Pat Mahon: "I am very sorry to say he is not in."

Collector: "Why are you sorry?"

Pat Mahon: "Because it is against my conscience to tell lies."

* * * *

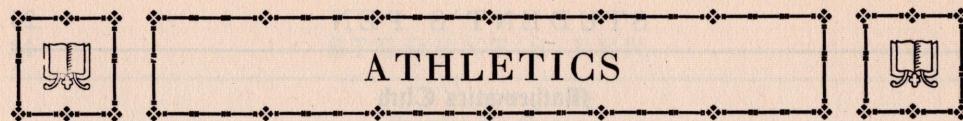
Mr. Murray: "How many days are there in the months?"

Elizabeth Hoff: "Thirty days has September;

All the rest I can't remember.

There's a calendar on the wall,

Why bother me with such things, at all?"



ATHLETICS

Pittsfield Holds Drury to Scoreless Tie

On a field that resembled a mud-hole rather than a gridiron P.H.S. and Drury High of North Adams engaged in their annual football skirmish which resulted in a scoreless tie. Both elevens were so evenly matched that the team getting the breaks would have a splendid chance of coping the contest. Each team had about one chance to win, both coming in the last quarter.

Bill Pomeroy, who played a great game throughout the entire contest, fumbled a punt on Drury's twenty-five yard line. If he had caught the pigskin or allowed it to drop to the ground, it would have been Pittsfield's ball, placing them in a position to start a drive for a touchdown. Whether or not these plays would have been successful is a question. As it was, Drury finally gained the ball on their own ten yard line and punted out of danger.

Drury also had a chance to try for a touchdown when a player from the North Adams school fell on a ball that Nolan had allowed to slip away from him in an attempt to punt it. For a time Drury's chances were bright, but whatever hopes they had for a touchdown were quickly shattered when Pittsfield's speedy halfback, Ted Coombs, threw E. Scully for a loss of five yards when the latter tried to make an end run.

Neither team tried any forward passes as the ball was too slippery to handle well.

Both Coach Carmody of Pittsfield and Coach Sullivan of Drury expressed their opinion after the game that on a dry field their respective teams would have won. We from Pittsfield agree with Coach Carmody and believe he has the best team.

P. H. S. Humbles Williamstown High

Williamstown proved to be an easy mark for Pittsfield High when the boys from the college town were conquered on the gridiron by a score of 31 to 0. Williamstown's defense proved to be of little avail in the first half when Pittsfield marched thru their line for four touchdowns. In the latter part of the game P.H.S experimented with the forward pass without much success except on a pass from Garrison to Garner which resulted in a fifty-five yard gain and a touchdown.

Williamstown could do but little in the matter of straight football as it always lost the ball on downs. As a last resort they turned to the aerial game and made several neat gains this way, but they never were in a position to score.

Foster made three of Pittsfield's touchdowns while his team mates, Garner and MacIntosh, made one apiece. L. Walsh did the best work for the losers throwing several perfect passes.

Pittsfield Defeated by Williams Freshmen

Saturday, October 17th, the Pittsfield High School football team journeyed to Williamstown where they were defeated in a hard fought grid contest by the Williams College freshmen by a score of 19 to 0. Although the Pittsfield boys were outweighed considerably, they were in the game fighting at all times. The Williams coach had many substitutes on hand, and at half time he sent in ten new men, thereby changing every position excepting the center. This is the first time in many years that Pittsfield has played a college team in football.

Pittsfield Plays Great Game against Adams

In the game with Adams, which was played in Adams, October twenty-fourth, P.H.S. displayed great fighting ability when, after trailing until the final period with a score of seven to six, Pittsfield made two touchdowns and won the game eighteen to seven. Pittsfield was the first to score when Pomeroy recovered an Adams' fumble and ran the ball for a touchdown. Adams forged ahead in the third quarter on a touchdown made by Czaja and a placement kick by Consouli. In the last quarter "Billy" Whalen led an aerial attack with a series of forward passes that resulted in a touchdown by Garner. Adams then took the ball on the kickoff, but lost it shortly afterward when attempting a forward pass. Pittsfield had worked the ball down to Adams' four yard line when Whalen was injured and had to be carried off the field. Pomeroy then took the ball over for his second touchdown of the game.

Our "Billy" Whalen

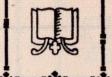
"Billy" Whalen, captain and quarterback of the Pittsfield High School football team and a player of great repute, was seriously injured in the Adams-Pittsfield game of October 31st. He was immediately removed to the Hillcrest hospital to which he was confined for two weeks.

When that game had begun to look dark and dubious for Pittsfield High, "Billy" had been sent in, and with his coming there had followed two touchdowns, which had decided the game in our favor. But the team won the victory at a cost of its captain, and that loss has been keenly felt in the games that have followed.

Though "Billy" may be excluded for the rest of the football season, we want him to know how much we appreciate his loyalty and courage and we sincerely hope that he will be in good trim for the basketball season.



ALUMNI NOTES



Alumni Notes

'22 Pittsfield High School has received a letter of congratulation from Mt. Holyoke College, for its excellent preparation of Miss Ermine Huntress, a senior at that institution. Miss Huntress ranks ninth in a class of two hundred seventy students.

Miss Ella Buckler of the February Class has been elected treasurer of the junior class at Massachusetts Agricultural College. She was recently voted the most popular co-ed in that class.

'24 Miss Betty White, former editor-in-chief of *The Student's Pen*, has been chosen secretary of the sophomore class at Boston University.

Albert Williams has completed his course at Williston and is studying at Boston University.

Willard Maloney is working in Florida.

Doris Acheson has transferred from Russell Sage to Boston University.

William Skinner is enrolled at Tri-State, Indiana.

Herbert Wollison has entered the freshman class at Dartmouth College.

Dorothy Cain is in her senior year at Framingham Normal.

Helen Beattie has taken up the study of kindergarten work in New York City.

Frances Farrell is in her senior year at The Elms.

'25 James Maloy, 1925's most popular boy, is working in Peekskill, New York.

Evelyn Anderson and Rebecca Trego have taken positions at the Berkshire Loan and Trust Company.

Emma Paro, Francis Crowley, Isabel Patnode, and Bertha Bassett are working at the Telephone Exchange.

Sidney Katz has entered Boston University.

Elizabeth Bradley, June's valedictorian, is studying music under Professor Buhler.

Eleanor Mac Roberts is in training at Hillcrest Hospital.

Edward Stickles is working at the Dalton Laundry to keep himself fit for college athletics next year.

Everett Stewart is engineering some new cheers at the General Electric Company.

Elizabeth Hoff (coming to English class late.) "What shall I write on?"

Mr. Murray: "Paper, please."

* * *

Teacher to pupil:

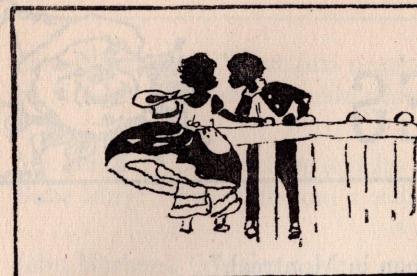
"Johnny, write a sentence on the board with the words defeat, deduct, defence, detail."

Johnny wrote: "De-feat of de-duct went over de-fence before de-tail."

* * *

Earl Greene: "What's the matter. Have you a sore throat?"

Jack Harding: (with bandage around throat): "No, I have a sprained ankle and the bandage slipped up, that's all."



Exchanges

A.M.C.

With Our Neighbors

"*Chips*", Richmond, Vt.—We were very glad to receive your "Autumn Number." You have some very good literature, but your stories are too short. We enjoyed reading very much your two editorials, "Disposition" and "Autumn."

"*The Jabberwock*", Boston, Mass.—Your magazine is one of the best on our Exchange List. Why do you not separate your editorials from your stories? A few jokes would add to the humorous side of your magazine.

"*The Folio*", Flushing, N. Y.—The two stories published in your magazine were very good. The cuts that you are using are very good, but we think that a few more would improve your magazine very much. Your advice to the Freshmen is well meant and if they follow it, it will have been well worth your while to have written it.

"*The Argus*", Gardner, Mass.—Your Graduation number is one of the best we have received. The photography and cartoons are fine. Each one of your departments is well developed and shows the right school spirit.

"*The Abbot Courant*", Andover, Mass.—Welcome to our Exchange List. Do you not think that an Exchange Department would add much to the interest of your book? You have quite a bit of talent as is shown by your literature ("Time to Think Things Over") and your editorials. In fact we enjoyed reading it very much.

"*The Cue*", Albany, Mass.—You have a well arranged magazine with well developed departments. Does nothing funny ever happen in your school? By the looks of your Joke Department, you appear to have a very serious group of students.

"*The Palmer*", Palmer, Mass.—We are glad to have you on our exchange list. You have a very fine literary department. A few cuts would add to the appearance of your magazine, we think. Your athletic department might be enlarged a little.

"*The Student's Review*", Northampton, Mass.—You have a well developed magazine. There seem to be a few poets among you. Why not develop more and establish a Poetry Department?

"*The Delphian*", Moses Brown School, Providence, R. I.—We like your magazine. Your literature is very interesting. Couldn't you add a bit of humor to your magazine? It would help to keep up interest if you could get the pupils to hand in jokes heard in classes.

"*The Garnet and White*", West Chester, Pa.—Your magazine is very good. We liked the editorial on "Classroom Spirit." Where are your authors? You really need many more stories. The other departments are so large that your Literary Department appears extremely small.

"*The High School Herald*", Westfield, Mass.—You have a well-balanced paper. Your literary department is exceptionally good. A few more cuts would improve your paper. Why not a contents page?

At Home

Student's Pen—A very interesting magazine. Your history of early Pittsfield is a credit to your magazine.—"*Folio*", Flushing, N. Y.

Student's Pen—Your poetry was without a doubt the best feature of the last number. It was interesting and well written, a combination which is very unusual judging from the majority of publications we have received. Alumni Notes could have been made much more interesting and much more space might have been given to this department. Exchange Department was too crowded and athletics too brief. We believe that much would be added to your paper if you had a few attractive cuts instead of the headings which you have to your various departments.

We enjoyed reading your *Student's Pen* and hope to hear more of you in the future. "*The Cue*", Albany Academy.



JOKES



Boos: "Russian driver killed a policeman in Montreal."
Tabor: "What was he rushing for?"

* * * *

Bobby Goodman: "Why do they call the Jones' sisters Time and Tide?"
Eudora Lapham: "Because they wait for no man."

* * * *

Russ. Clark: "I wonder why Bill jumped into the river."
W. Blais: "There was a woman at the bottom of it."

* * * *

Greta Kennedy: "Why do rabbits have shiny noses?"
Bob Nolan: "Their powder puffs are on the other end."

* * * *

Bill Shepardson (in speeding car of Dave Thompson): "Say this is a pretty town, wasn't it?"

* * * *

Mr. Russell (phoning down from his room in a hotel at Cleveland): "Night Clerk?"

Snippy Clerk: "Well, what's biting you?"

Mr. Russell: "That's what I want to know."

* * * *

Kit Gregory (on telephone): "I'm studying 'The Sofa', by Cooper. Won't you come over and help me?"

Don Merrill: "Sure, we ought to get together on that."

* * * *

Mrs. Bennett: "What was Washington's last address?"

Bill Prodgers: "Heaven."

* * * *

Mother: "I wouldn't play the piano so soon after your grandfather's death."
Daughter: "I'm only using the black notes."

* * * *

Mrs. Bennett: "Well, why don't you say something?"
B. Prodgers: "I'm waiting for history to repeat itself."

* * * *

Miss Morris: "When did Milton write 'Paradise Lost'?"
S. Mansivillano: "When his wife returned from her summer vacation."

* * * *

D. Thompson: "I should have more credit on this question. I wrote three pages."

Miss Pfeiffer: "I'm sorry, but I don't weigh the paper."

Chuch Sullivan: "That taxi nearly got you."

B. Nolan: "I knew it wouldn't hit me. It was yellow."

* * * *

Mr. Bulger: "Name three articles containing starch."
Babe May: "Two cuffs and a collar."

* * * *

John Burbank (visiting insane asylum): "I wonder if the clock is right."
Inmate: "Of course not. It wouldn't be here if it were."

* * * *

L. Burns: "They say onions are the secret of good health."

A. Canfield: "Yes, but how are you going to keep them a secret?"

* * * *

E. Greene: "Wonder what makes the Tower of Pisa lean?"

J. Harding: "If I knew, I'd try it."

* * * *

V. Richmond: "Can you tell me what steam is?"

L. Tanner: "Yes, it's water gone crazy with the heat."

* * * *

H. Garrison: "They must have had dress suits in Bible times."

R. Garner: "How's that?"

Hank: "It says in the Bible 'He rent his clothes'."

* * * *

G. Whittlesey: "Have you any fine tooth combs?"

Ted Combs: "No, but we have some fine tooth brushes."

* * * *

Johnnie: "Grandpa, can you help me with this problem?"

Grandpa: "I could but I don't think it would be right."

Johnnie: "I don't suppose it would, but take a shot at it, anyway."

* * * *

Miss Pfeiffer: "Shepardson, spell 'weather'."

K. Shepardson: "W-e-t-t-h-e-r."

Miss Pfeiffer: "Well, that certainly is the worst spell of weather we've had in a long time."

* * * *

Mrs. Bennett: "In whose charge are the animals put after they've wandered out of their pen?"

M. McClatchey: "In the hands of the Constable."

* * * *

Bab Whittlesey (having received set of mink furs): "What I don't see is how such beautiful furs can come from such a low down, sneaking little beast."

Dad Whittlesey: "Bab, I don't ask for thanks, but I at least demand respect."

* * * *

D. MacIntosh: "On what day did Caesar conquer the most men?"

Miss Sayles: "I don't know."

D. MacIntosh: "On examination day."

D. Allessio (reading her theme): To strengthen their muscles the Swedish people use dumbbells like the Americans.

* * *

J. MacIntosh: "What does the doctor do to your father after he has operated on him?"

M. Naglesmith: "I don't know."

Jimmie: "So's your old man."

* * *

N. Moses: "Do you charge for the water in your coffee?"

P. Heiser: "No, that's thrown in."

* * *

K. Lazette: "This cold weather chills me to the bone."

L. Brewer: "Wear a thicker hat."

* * *

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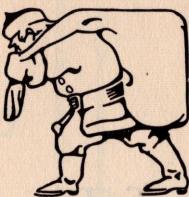
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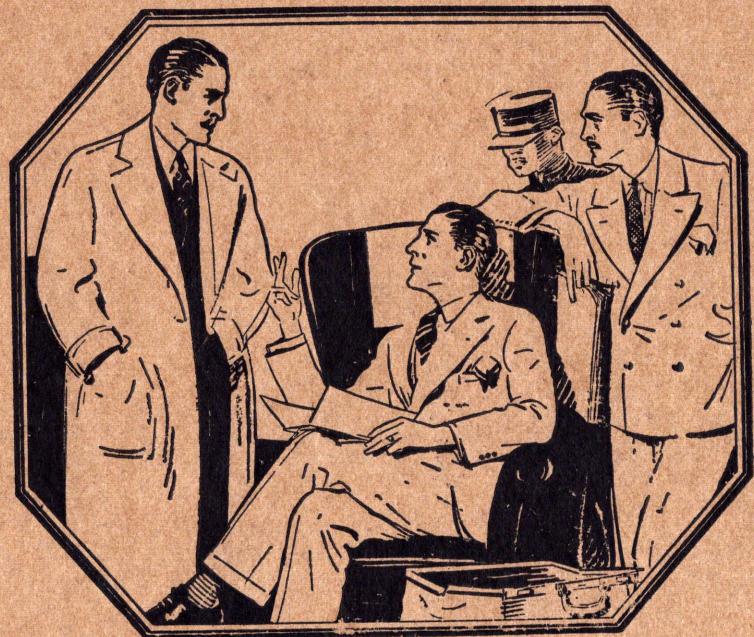
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